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# THE MAYANS

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VADE MECUM, VOLVENTIBUS ANNIS

**THE MAYANS**  
**SAN ANTONIO,**  
**TEXAS**

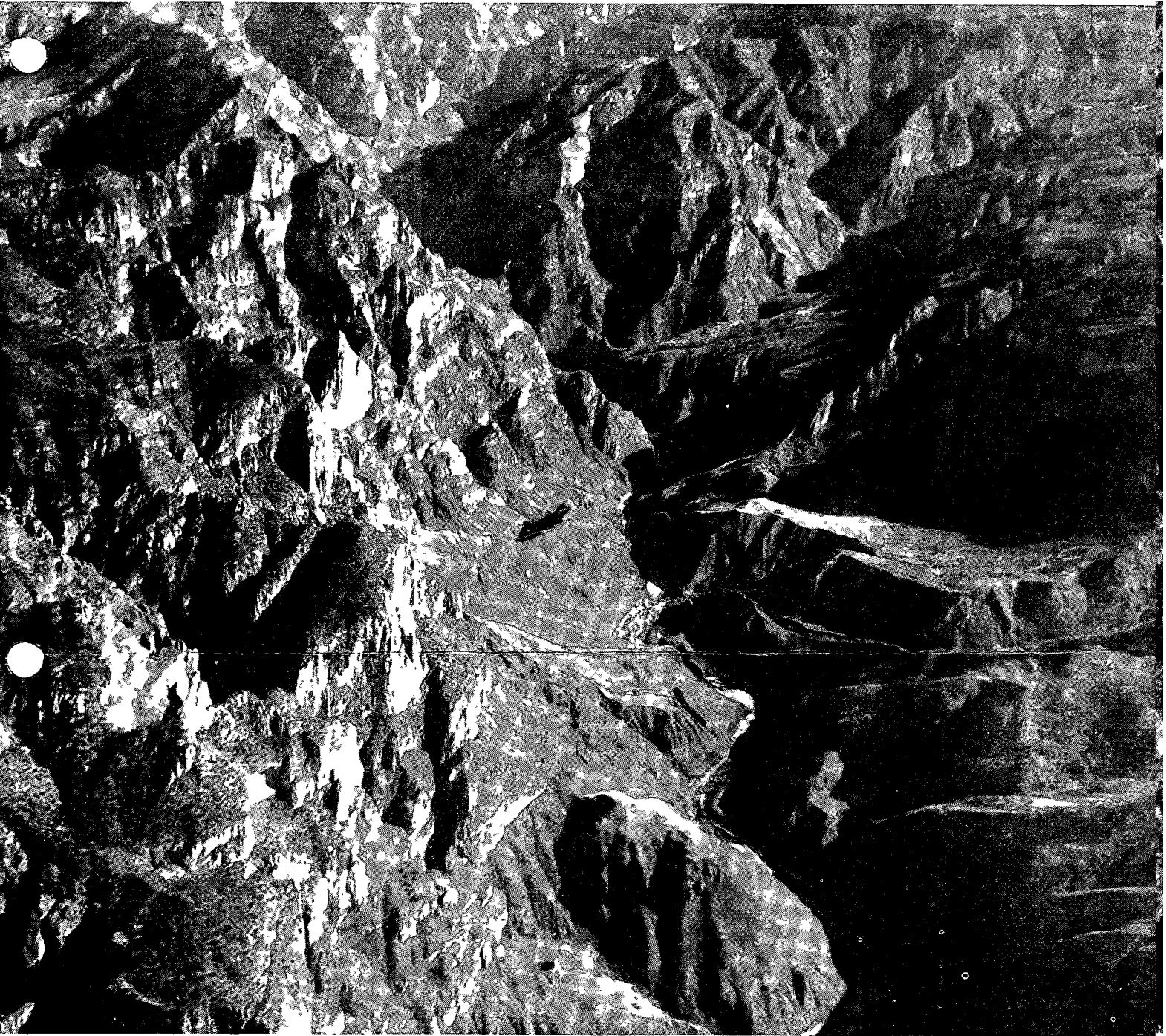
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# THE ANCIENT AMERICAN MYSTERIES



## *On The Path To The Secret Places*

Here is an actual photograph of the wild, forbidden, barren country the Pilgrim from the North must traverse to reach certain of the secret places. Only one spot on earth is known to have such barren peaks and pinnacles and that is forbidden Tibet, on almost a straight line through the earth, half a world

away. It is sometimes suggested that once upon a time, in some remote geologic age, this country and Tibet were the earth's magnetic poles — before the geologic change described by Churchwood in his interesting series on the Land of Mu.

Primitive beyond belief, this

Tarahumare region abounds with great grottos and caverns, some of which are miles in extent. It seems that nature and man have conspired to make the region inaccessible to all but the most fearless and sincere seeker. Let a stranger penetrate the valley and unseen watches instantly transmit knowledge of the

presence to all the inhabitants for miles around.

Up the valley is one of the sacred places of Initiation that has been in use for thousands of years. Each year orthodox representatives of certain North American Indian tribes (who received the mysteries hundreds of years ago) still make their pilgrimage into this country. This region, however, is not the true Mayan Country, but it could well be one of the hiding places where

treasures of books and gold were hidden from the rapacious Spaniards about 400 years ago.

Legend has it that one valley higher up this canyon is honey-combed with ancient sealed burial caves; and that when such a cave is opened one sees the entire floor covered with huge baskets. Then, that at one's touch the baskets usually fall to dust revealing the ancient, doubled-up corpse inside.

Bodies found in this ancient valley, according to legend, were all giants of as much or more than nine feet in height but they, as well as the baskets disintegrated when exposed to fresh air. The legend may well be grounded in truth for archaeologists have found in ancient burial grounds the remains of American Indians who lived thousands of years before the Christian era.



Revelation Number 70  
PRECEPTORY NUMBER 28  
ISSUED TO MAYANS STUDYING IN  
THE 4TH AND 5TH DEGREES

(In Preparation for Entrance into the 6th and 7th Degrees)

*B*eloved Companion:

Another milestone on your upward path is being completed as we approach nearer to the time of your Initiation into Higher Degrees of Mayanry. May you be richly blest in the new Degrees that are soon to be bestowed upon you.

Passage into Grandeur Inner Temples is a High Honor. It is an award of merit. It does not mean that you have completed your studies on Healing. It means that you have begun.—It means that you have been adjudged worthy of receiving more. It means recognition of your application to the teachings that have been revealed to you.

Mayanry is mystery. Its greatest teachings cannot be written or spoken but are transmitted to the devoted student for his or her own personal revelation.

In Many of the ancient Mystery Orders, certain kinds of knowledge are said to be "forbidden". Indeed, this is sometimes said of Mayanry. But in Mayanry nothing is forbidden or kept from you, the earnest, loyal and sincere Member. True, the instructions come to you in a certain order, - one cannot have the 70th Monograph before the 1st; nor the 170th before the 100th, etc., but each goes forth in its proper sequence for you.

Nothing is held back, but many things must be self-revealed, with the written word and the constant "projections" of the Masters as your further aid to reception.

You have learned something about receiving transmitted thoughts. If you have applied yourself to the practice of the lessons devoted to it, you are by now quite adept. As an Adept you have received MUCH beyond those mysteries spoken of in these written words.

The Higher you go in your future progress, the MORE will be so revealed to you.

In your Adepthood the time may come when entire lessons may be revealed to you; transmitted without any material communication. It should be so, in the Higher Degrees. It must be so in the Highest Degrees.

Thus, when intervals seem long between your reception of printed lessons, you may be fairly sure that it is because you have MISSED something and we are awaiting you. At such intervals (if you experience them) visualize a scene like the picture at the front of this lesson. Picture a climbing pathway, sometimes very steep and rugged, but rising up, up above the clouds. Picture yourself as a pilgrim, faltering sometimes in the rarified atmosphere, or occasionally needing rest or encouragement. Picture just ahead, protectingly near you, a Master in robes of white, waiting; a Companion gladly, patiently waiting to help you. He does not urge you to get up and come ahead. He does not exhibit impatience when you think you cannot take any more. He does not speak to you, or in any way reproach you. Instead, he is there helping you. He is projecting to you strength and wisdom and encouragement. All you need do is be receptive. Then, at the proper time, the material (like food and drink), the written word will come to you a little farther up the path.

The Healing Lessons are by no means completed; they will continue in the Higher Degrees ahead. But each step is a step upward and sometimes the steps must be taken slowly; sometimes the pilgrim must pause to rest or to take his bearings on the surrounding landscape.

Finally, let me give you this thought to digest: the place of Initiation is beautiful; it is the outer world that is so forbidding and so frightening, as the frontispiece so well symbolizes.

The Initiation Ceremony is awe-inspiring to the Adept whose sensitivities have been properly developed. But it should not be frightening. Let it not frighten you or cause you to hold back for fear you are not prepared. You cannot receive from it more than you have given in your hours of study. But each will receive exactly according as he has given in devotion and in practice.

The Initiation is given to you in sacred secrecy by your invisible Companions in the mental world as a demonstration of their fraternal love.

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Let us now proceed to this lesson.

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It is well, I think, that we pause occasionally for a mental and spiritual "check-up", just as one goes to a mechanic now and then to see if the auto doesn't need new spark-plugs to bring its performance up to standard. The mind is far more important than the automobile. So, let's talk things over.

Each of us has available the "All-Power", the "Mind Extraordinary", of the Supreme Healer, because of the presence of God within us. We are

divinely equipped for the use and enjoyment of His greatest gift, the ability to encounter and drive disease out of the body. Now, the question is: How are we using that gift? Are we meeting the task faithfully with it, or have we become discouraged, indifferent and careless?

The answer is mighty important.

No disease can bring harm to the Father, and no disease need bring harm to anyone who recognizes that His presence is within us and may act with us and for us. David said: "It is God that girdeth me with strength and maketh my way perfect." (Ps. 18:32). He has help for everyone of us, just as He had it for Israel's king. His giving is impartial benevolence. He is Creator of all, and all have an equal chance before Him.

The Father's power is unlimited. He calls new blooms and fresh fruit to the apple tree, and He can restore health where disease has impaired it, just as the kiss of Spring's yellow sunshine brings new leaf to forest and meadow.

If we have not taken God into full partnership; if we cannot call Him our help and our shield; if we cannot say, "Blessed be the Lord because He hath heard the voice of my supplication" (Ps. 55:1), we are not yet fully ready spiritually to receive the healing gift and enjoy that closer affiliation with Divine Intelligence, which generates Power.

Have we the faith to make us whole, as did the afflicted of old who were healed by Christ? Can we use "the coin of courage to shop our way to higher ground?" Where there is doubt, everything else is destroyed. Lukewarm affirmation is like the shadow of a leafless tree thrown upon snow-covered earth. God requires fresh, dated enthusiasm; He calls for red-blooded determination; He insists upon a belief that will hold in a tug-of-war like a steel cable.

The requirement is a healing faith that can go bravely to any task. It is necessary to rise above the clatter of the street; to know that great gifts are ours, and to press forward with full, faithful, effervescing, enthusiastic SURENESS.

We can make the days ahead fruitful, one by one, as they come marching along, or waste them "around the seasons." We can use the ripened fruit of good old summertime, or let it fall upon the ground and rot. The challenge is to stand and serve elbow to elbow with the Father who has a care for every robin in the sky and every mortal riding down life's sunset trail.

We should woo faith to closer loyalty; plant beauty in the garden of the heart, and grow smiling flowers all along the way. We should make every evening and morning, and every noon sweet and lovely. We should draw God's smiles to light all darkened paths for wayward feet. He knows our healing needs.

"He knows when raindrops fall through the air,  
Whether each single one be there."

He knows all things.

Let us have full confidence beaming in the eye. Let us have a hope that will shine till the last pink lamp of eventide goes out behind the fading horizon. Doubt is like poison gas in a valley. It kills all pretty blooms and wraps the dearest hope in a cerement. It casts shadows while the soul yearns for sunshine.

Twenty centuries ago when the infant Christ was born, they laid Him on a pile of straw in a stable. There was not a bed in all Bethlehem for the blest son of God. He had no welcome at the inn; no glow to warm Him save the breath of an ox. We grow indignant at the thought of this neglect, and yet do men today find room in their hearts for that Big Brother of the race? Do they meet the healing challenge of love and faith and help?

A great thought knocks at the door of every mind. Will we lift the latch and let it in, or will we declare "there is no room"? Will we rely upon a divine promise "with springs of joy so rich they might embrace all arid wastes and make them flower", or coldly turn away? Will we travel the awful road of fear and doubt or "the chapel road that knows the way to God"?

We must let faith drop anchor in the harbor of our hearts. We must treat it as a fixture installed to stay. We must accept the kind invitation to stand by and acquire the healing power. The way is not over a dim, questionable route, with strange passages to confound and mislead. It is down a friendly country road with trees growing on either side and familiar branches to cross, and broad slopes stretching towards foot-hills where wild flowers grow; a road with ruts and rocks in which dry leaves rustle and squirrels scamper.

Such a road as speaks our language. A gentle, sweet, contented trail where speckled fawn may be seen and Bob Whites whistle in the springtime. Each day you trust its course to carry you home.

The most difficult task one has in changing from a Doubting Thomas to a believing healer, is to "retool" the mind. They must make such changes and adjustments as are necessary to transform a sewing machine factory into a plant for turning out airplane engines. Doubters find little doubts peeping through every crack and knot-hole, trying to get in. They keep wondering whether or not they can acquire the healing power, even though God has given it to them. They hesitate, though there is a distinct summons to shake the torpid mind and rise to fruitful action.

They answer not, though the call echoes through a thousand valleys.

The challenge to every person who desires to acquire healing power is to put as much spiritual energy into the task as physical energy is needed in building a temple. One must have dominion over the Mind and reliance upon the character of the thinking done. There needs to be the maximum of faith and the minimum of fear. The artist who painted that great picture "The Last Supper" had its beauty, its eternal expressions, its human breathing in his mind before he picked up a brush to do the work. He felt that disappointment in Christ's heart which brought a shadow to His brow. He knew the look of

anxiety in the countenance of the disciples. He saw the shame and treachery in the eyes of Iscariot.

One should feel the success, the good, the beauty of healing before attempting it. The heart must crave the power to serve; the spirit must be in full attunement with the Father and enthused to have the opportunity of rendering such service. It is in the atmosphere of zeal and faith and prayer that the miraculous is born. Indifference slows action down and gets no beneficial results.

The Bible says:

"The people that do know their God shall be strong and do miracles." -- Daniel 11:32

Those who fail to contact Divine Intelligence; those who seldom, if ever, pray; those who are shaky in their belief; those who are too busy with selfish affairs for consecration, come home in an empty wagon. They are unable to accomplish anything because they are not in harmony with the Great Physician. They play on an instrument that is out of tune. They sing in a choir where the voices are cold and cheerless. When we beseech God properly He will give us the spirit "of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." (2 Tim. 1:7). These are essential qualifications.

Many have not given to healing power the importance it should have. They have not realized that Christ, God's Ambassador, with all His force and prestige, sought no one to minister unto Him. He ministered unto others. May mortals be as unselfish? It is that spirit of Brotherhood that makes healing such a beautiful service. When you heal, you stand in God's very tracks and employ His power. Healing is housed in the kingdom of the Mind because God is in that kingdom. But wishing and not acting, asking and not praying, is like trying to fly without wings or to have a feast without food. It accomplishes nothing.

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The Bible says the Kingdom of God is within us.

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If that be true, and it is, there is great power within us and we should use it. He has the best of everything in that glorious kingdom, and it follows that, if we do not learn how to acquire the use of that power, we neglect one of the most important things in life. We yield the opportunity of being a great human benefactor. We fail God after He has supplied us with the vital needs to render healing possible. Those who do that slide from a glorious rainbow and fall amidst quarry rubbish.

These conclusions address themselves to all of us.

They cannot be escaped by any of us. They are definite and dominant, standing out like monuments on a hillside. God has planned nobly for us; He has planned wisely and if we take a halting, negative, uncertain position, if



we fail in things upon which His great heart is set, He is, of course, disappointed. It is necessary that we resolve not to displease Him. It is painful to fail a trusting neighbor, but to fail God is to go into eclipse at a time and place when we should be shining like the regal sun.

It is good to work. But work should not be carried over into all the hours of day. A man should retire from work at evening to his little Blue Heaven, feeling that all the day's duties are done.

It is like entering a Paradise.

There is the kiss of love, the restful slippers, the radio and the evening paper. Out of the kitchen steal the odors from oven and pots and skillets. He should be as happy as a bird singing to the blossoms in its palace of quivering leaves.

Great homes make a strong nation and a fine society. They constitute the kind of a foundation that will support a just government and a healthy civilization. It is not Washington nor the Supreme Court nor the two Houses of Congress that make America a great country. It is the little homes that dot the prairies from the Blue Ridge to the Rockies; the little cottages on the fringe of the forest and by the rivers. But when you go to your Blue Heaven at evening, thinking that everything has been done, there is a question that rings in your ear:

"How much owest thou?" -- Luke 16:5

We are gently reminded that the Master said, "Support the weak." He expects us to interest ourselves in healing those who belong to His flock. There is an inescapable obligation woven into the fabric of life like threads of gold into a king's garment. "Love ye one another." Isn't that a commandment, and doesn't service go hand in hand with it? Healing is rooted and grounded in love, and "Everyone that loveth is born of God." (I John 4:7).

The prepared person is the one through whom the divine healing power is performed. Being made ready means having the faith, having the power to receive Divine Impulses, having the positive emotions and the determined zeal.

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Mayans understand this; they can make desire burn to white heat. Healing with them means service, beautiful service, helpful service, doing God's will in God's way, making men and women happier, soaring out into a realm beneath a rainbow where souls meet in spiritual habiliments and good is the great aim.

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We are the channel through which divine blessing flow.

The healing is done by a Higher Power. Christ gave the Father credit for the miraculous things that He did. It is only where we have faith, and eagerness, and purity of heart that we can be the channel through which the

healing is made manifest. There must be clean, clear, true belief and a penetrating desire to get the thing done, whether it be driving disease out of the body or attending to some duty of less importance. Bell, Edison, Fulton, Whitney, all men who have accomplished big things have had faith and put their very soul into the things being done.

Glorified enthusiasm and beautiful love were involved.

The power within you must be controlled and directed. When there is the right urge and the necessary consecration you may "lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." Fear and faith cannot work together. It is the believing prayer that ministers unto the sick. Doubt has no magic powers. It never formed a government, never built a bridge, raised a field of corn or found a star.

There must be belief and the courage to dare and do before the sun of success will smile across the hills. The first essential preparation for possessing the power to heal is to get rid of any thought of failure.

Be sure of yourself and then go ahead.

Wherever courage has raised and waved a starry banner; wherever it has challenged such interlopers as fear and disbelief, it has won, hands down. These are enemies; they are cowardly foes afraid of the truth, and yet they win battles because people are so easily discouraged, so hopelessly impatient. They have destroyed many bright healing hopes by whispering failure into the ears of faltering mortals who didn't have the fortitude to stand by and stand up and defy them. The weaklings run away just as things promise to turn in their favor. They sheathe their swords when they ought to have them flashing in the sunlight, leading on to victory.

Get fear and hate out of your system. Let Faith and Love come in.

"Commit thy ways unto Jehovah." Accept His word, rely upon His promises; make right desire commander in your mind and you will be given the silver key to the door of successful healing. No one can perform this divine service with human weakness leaking in. Faith must be present like a field marshall when a great battle is being planned.

We cannot destroy doubt with doubt - that only feeds it. But we can have a convincing faith, an intense healing desire, a conviction that God is in us, and with us, and for us, and we can heal just as the believing, trusting disciples of Jesus healed in the centuries past. Their power was from God; Christ's power was from God, and we can draw upon that same power from that same reservoir and receive it in proportion to the depths of our faith.

In speaking of a certain occasion in the ministry of Christ, Luke said, "The power of the Lord was present to heal." (Chap. 5, vs. 17).

It will be present with us, right where we kneel, just as it was present that day at Capernaum when the faithful assembled there two thousand years ago. It will be present in all places where Faith, the sweet daughter of Divine Thought, sits with radiant face, inspiring mortals to a greater goal.

Healing Power is accessible to any who seek its possession earnestly and zealously. It is the standard coin of every country in the world. "If you have faith even as a grain of mustard seed ... nothing shall be impossible unto you." The Master assured us of that; but we must labor, and persevere, and pray to keep our faith marching face forward toward the light. We must be willing to sacrifice, if necessary, for the healing gift.

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A wise man once said: "Epochs of unbelief, however dazzling, are barren of all permanent good." The world has never progressed sanely and soundly when it was not swept forward by the white wings of Faith.

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Many years ago a distressing drouth scorched the old West like a flame. Fields dried up; cribs were empty; people were destitute. Many new settlers had invested all they owned in the year's crops which were seared and blighted by the unrelenting ravage of the sun. Peril faced a little home on the edge of the post-oaks. The day came when the meal sack was empty and the milch cow dry.

The smaller children who didn't understand were crying for bread.

An elder daughter was desperately ill with typhoid fever and begged pitifully for ice which could not be supplied. There was no money to pay a doctor who lived in a little town fifteen miles away. While that was the situation, an old Methodist circuit-rider came by to make a call. He quickly became acquainted with the situation and went into his own pocket and gave those folks a small bill, - all that he had. Then he suggested prayer, and the family gathered about the sick bed where he poured out as eloquent an appeal as ever reached a heart. The words fell from his lips like dew-drops dripping from the petals of a moonflower. They were as soft as the whispers of a jessamine at dawn.

The atmosphere was holy.

After doing all he could, the preacher mounted his horse and rode away. He had other calls to make. But he left God in that house; he left hope burning like a star and a day or so later a long-absent son arrived who had been given up as dead. Having acquired considerable property, he was able to supply the home with its needs. The sick girl took a turn for the better, and in a few weeks was up again.

"In the shadow of thy wings will I make my  
refuge." -- Ps. 57: 1.

Never has an earnest, trusting prayer died on its way to God. When Faith sends one forth on silver wings it will return bearing fruit. That good old preacher, surrounded by trusting hearts, contacted God and brought the golden blossoms back to a little frontier home. A picture of midnight was changed to one of dawn with the sun of hope flinging its flaming glory across the hills. A dim and dusty road was turned into a shining ribbon of moonlight

which led the way to happiness.

He healed and made troubled hearts beautiful within. He planted a faith on the far-flung prairies that bloomed like purple sage across the broad hill-slopes. The story was told at many a fireside in the old West and the preacher was endeared to thousands.

What a lesson for us in simple Faith. What a comfort and what a hope. It challenges the thoughtful to the task of giving service. It whispers loyalty into all hearts. The little man of the mountains and the prairie long ago turned his faithful pony out upon the grass and laid his good gray head to rest. But every flower that lifts its buds above the grass speaks his name in voiceless praise; every wild bird warbling in a tree sings a song for him.

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Mayanry is grounded in such beauty.

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It travels on wings that bear help and glints of sunlight to the world. We love, we think, we serve. That is God's creed, and ours. It gives sweet fragrance in a million valleys; it helps create the conditions that make a Heaven here on earth. It is the golden link which holds us fast to the mighty tasks that have been set for us.

Our greatest challenge is to love with the heart of Jehovah and heal with the power of God.

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Everything that has been provided for our well-being has been accompanied by the means of giving it protection. Health is a gift attended by the healing power. We can safeguard it not only by physical attention but also by calling the Mind to our aid. It rules the Body in every particular. It is affiliated with Universal Mind which is God.

We need not limit any human desire; spiritual economy does not require it. But we should keep desire under control so that it will not drag the soul and body into the dust. If it is good to breathe fresh air and we desire fresh air, we cannot harm ourselves by partaking abundantly of it. On the other hand, if we desire that which poisons and weakens our system and threatens our morals, the smallest amount is too much. If the desire to heal transcends all other desires of the heart, it is certainly a splendid quality to possess. It is Heaven-inspired and should bring the fullest measure of human happiness.

No one ever did a good deed and found cause to regret it. I knew a man who lost his arm in saving a little girl from being killed in some dangerous machinery. It reduced his earning ability and sent him through life a cripple. But he said, "I'm compensated whenever I see that girl smile; I'm paid with interest whenever that mother speaks out of a heart that bubbles over with gratitude. I would rather have lost both arms than to have seen that child crushed that day at the cotton gin."



He was a noble man.

It is written: "He that soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly."  
(2 Cor. 9:6).

Ponder that fact. The opportunity to heal is the opportunity to sow abundantly and reap abundantly. If you can say a prayer that will bring the smile of health to the face of some neighbor, you have planted a vine. It will climb the highest trellis and flaunt sweetest blossoms to the wind." It is better to give than to receive." One who can fill a darkened room with sunlight gets more joy from life than wealth could ever buy. It is impossible to help another without helping yourself. The smile you gave today may set a star in your heart tomorrow. One with a soul big enough to share a blessing will have a seat on the coach that is Heaven-bound.

When we are faithful to all the duties of life, we can walk through an endless garden of rarest gardenias.

We can hear God's praise in the throat of every wild bird that wings its way through yellow sunlight. We can know the eternal truth of this lesson - that there is nothing more important than healing.

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And now let us pause to examine our own minds and souls. We should look deep into our hearts as we would search a diamond for a flaw. We should be anxious about our power to help the less fortunate. We should consider faithfully the Mayan thought which represents the grand art of true living and then be assured that all is going well; that we are adding pearl to pearl on a beautiful necklace made of little deeds of human kindness.

We can make our days a string of stars across the vaulted veldt or a desert bare and fruitless. We can become conscious of the source of Divine Supply and, by drawing near to God, have Him draw near to us in our consciousness. Healing Power will be made available, and through faith and prayer we may receive the gift and know how to use it for the greatest good to all the world.

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We can be more helpful than we have ever been before.

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These golden thoughts should be studied with greatest care; they will quicken the Mind like summer showers refreshen a prairie; they will make blossoms of healing beauty grow where thorns now prick and wound. There is a great field in which to work; there are downcast hearts, and crushed hopes; there are fears, and doubts, and disappointments. To these we can and should address our greatest energy.

If we only stop and listen we may hear God's voice above the clamor, calling like a father to his children. He is pleading for our faith; He is

yearning for our help.

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You have answered that call. Prepare ye now to go forward into a more inward sanctum. And may The Great Spirit rest in and renew your good spirit.

#### THE MAYANS

Your next monograph will bring to you The Mayan Creed, which is your highest preparation for the Sixth and Seventh Degrees.

#### THE GLORY PROMISE

"Be thou faithful . . . and I will give thee a crown." -- Rev. 2:10.

Duty rightly done shapes our efforts to a glorious end, and gives us the perfect smile of a perfect dawn. It is the flower that blooms ahead of the fruit of golden service; the bridge-builder that spans the stream which flows between us and happiness.

Faithfulness makes one strong.

It keeps the roses in the hot-house of the heart when winter winds are blowing. It is the electric beam that opens the door between us and the healing power; the fragrance of a garden in which we find a thousand blessings.

With Faithfulness, healing becomes a beautiful privilege; without it we stand helpless in the night.